

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*COTMAN.*



"CHAFFIN MY NAME IS; YOU MAY HAVE HEARD IT."

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER V.—A GREAT MAN.

He sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.—*William King.*

TOM HOWARD had been waiting in the coffee-room at the Old Ship only a few minutes when the door was flung wide open and a gentleman entered. His voice had been heard in the passage before he made his appearance, and he came in talking loudly, and puffing, and stamping, and shaking

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himself, and making such a commotion in the quiet hostelry, that it might have been supposed that half a dozen guests had arrived instead of one. The waiter remarked to Tom, when he was alone with him soon afterwards, that "he thought it was the Emperor of Japan at least, by the noise and fuss he made." He was not at all like the Emperor of Japan, however, nor like any other emperor, but a plain British subject, who had a way of making himself at home wherever he went, according to his

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own ideas of what home ought to be. He did not remove his hat, except to shake some raindrops from it and replace it; and throwing back the skirts of his overcoat, stood with arms akimbo, his hands resting on his hips, and, with his back to the empty fireplace, looking about him in a dignified and self-asserting manner. He was tall and broad; a large man in every respect; and had a way of spreading himself out so as to give full effect to his size, and make him appear even more bulky than he really was.

"What, waiter!" he cried; "what, what! No fire, such a night as this! Bring a shovel of coals at once out of the kitchen, and wood, and—*and everything else*. No fire such a night as this!—what are you thinking about?"

The waiter was thinking that it was yet early in September; but he only said, "Yes, sir," and repeated what the newcomer had said to his mistress.

"Hullo, youngster!" said the great man, presently, catching sight of our hero in a corner of the room.

"Hullo!" the boy replied, mechanically, as he had heard the seamen answer one another in the boat.

The first speaker looked surprised, but smiled, as if pleased at the readiness of his reply.

"A wet night," he said, presently.

"Is it?" Tom answered.

"Is it? Yes. Haven't you been out? Don't you hear it coming down? What—what!"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Tom; "it is rather wet out of doors."

"Out of doors I meant, of course," said the other; "not indoors; it's blowing hard, too. I should not like to be at sea to-night. What!"

Tom had not spoken, but the stranger seemed to expect an answer; and, without waiting for one, said again, brusquely,

"I should not like it, I say. What!"

"I should," said Tom, finding that he must say something.

"Gammon!" said the other; "I don't believe it; but that's the way young fellows talk. They think it very fine, I suppose. I don't believe anybody likes being at sea, especially in rough weather, if they would only say so."

Tom felt very indignant at first, but seeing that his new acquaintance laughed and winked, and had evidently no idea of being offensive, he restrained his wrath and said nothing.

"Where do you hail from?" the stranger asked, presently.

Tom told him that he had just landed from the ship Neptune, having left his friends to prosecute their voyage to India, and that he should like to be going with them instead of going to bed.

"That accounts for it," said the other, "though I would rather wait for a fair passage myself. So you have said good-bye to all your friends, have you, and some ashore alone? Poor lad, poor lad! What will you take? Have a glass of wine—do you good."

Tom felt something rising up in his throat at this unexpected expression of sympathy; he could not speak, and began to wish he had remained in the bar parlour. He rose and went to the door, as if to look for the waiter.

"Coming, sir," said Sam, who caught sight of him; "briled bone, and nice little tart to follow; ready in a minute."

Tom turned away with a wry face. It seemed as if everybody had conspired to torment him by forcing him to eat and drink.

"What did he say?" the stranger asked. "Bone! Who wants bones? *Cui bono?* as the saying is. Nobody can live upon bones; come and sup with me; draw near the fire, it's beginning to burn up at last. Now, waiter, bring everything you have got in the house except bones; we don't want bones."

The waiter would have remonstrated, but the "Emperor" ordered him off in a peremptory manner, and putting down upon a side table the despised morsel which he had just brought into the room, he hastened to obey orders.

"Do as I tell you, and make no bones about it," the imperious, if not imperial personage called after him; "and as for you, young fellow, come and sit here."

Tom yielded to the force of circumstances and took his place opposite his new friend, not sorry to have escaped the bone, which was not of his own choosing; a plentiful repast was spread before him, and he was kindly, though roughly, pressed to partake of it; and after he had eaten a few mouthfuls felt himself better able to do justice to it.

"What will you take to drink?" his friend asked. "Call for anything you like; what will you take?"

"Water," said Tom.

"Nonsense. Water! Bones! What—what!"

But Tom was resolute on this point, and after much remonstrance was allowed to have his own way.

"So you would like to be a sailor, should you?" the man said, when he had done eating. "You don't know what it is, perhaps, tossing about on the ocean. I do. Crossed the Atlantic twice, I have. Business though, not pleasure. Now you wonder what my business is, I dare say. Contractor I am, if you know what that is. Chaffin my name is; you may have heard it."

Mr. Chaffin threw himself back in his chair and spread out his arms as if to be looked at. "Yes," he said, "I am a contractor—in a large way, mind you. Daniel Chaffin. What!"

Tom Howard thought as he surveyed the burly figure before him that he looked at that moment more like an "expander," but he said nothing.

"You know what a contractor is, don't you?" Mr. Chaffin continued. "We make the railways, the docks, the piers; we do all the great works in the kingdom; we build the bridges, the exhibitions, everything; no matter what it is; if it's only large enough, we do it."

"Could you build a ship?" Tom asked.

"Ship? well, that's not in our line. I would rather build anything else. I have had enough of ships. What!"

Tom looked at him with something of disdain.

"So you are all for ships, are you? Ah! you'll change your mind about that. I always feel sorry for a young lad when I see him going about with a blue jacket and gilt buttons and a gold band round his cap. It ain't all gold that glitters. 'What?' I think to myself, 'you're like a young bear—all your sorrows to come.' What!"

"Do young bears have more sorrows than other animals?" Tom asked.

"Never mind; don't you be a young bear, that's all; a young sailor I mean. You have not done with school yet, by the look of you."

"I have hardly begun," said Tom. "I am going to begin to-morrow."

"That's right," said Mr. Chaffin; "where are you going to?"

"Abbotscliff," said Tom.

"What! what! I'm glad of that. Why it's a curious thing, now; I've got a son there myself. Went back last week, after the holidays. Chaffin his name is; same as mine; Marmadook Chaffin. I'll tell you what; I'm going along the line to-morrow, and Marmadook will be coming down to the station to have a word with me when the train stops. I'll introduce you. You are a new boy, and he has been there three terms. It will be useful for you to have a friend. We can travel together so far, and I'll introduce you."

Tom Howard thought it was very kind of Mr. Chaffin to make this proposal, and though he had not been much taken with the contractor at first, he felt drawn towards him by his heartiness and good temper, and was glad to think that he should have a cheerful companion on his journey next morning, and perhaps a useful friend in the school at his first joining.

Mr. Chaffin lighted a pipe and called for brandy and water, and wanted Tom to have a small glass of the same to bear him company, and to keep him from catching cold after his wetting. But Tom declined with something like alarm, and rang for his candle.

"Take something before you go," said Mr. Chaffin; "just a little drop. What shall it be? Must have something?"

It was an article of faith with Mr. Chaffin that everybody ought to take something. He seldom met a friend in the street, or received a visitor at his own house, or even a client at his place of business, without asking him what he would take. It was sometimes said that the invitation meant "one for his friend and two for himself;" but that was not strictly the fact. Mr. Chaffin was, it is true, always ready to do his part, but he liked to see others enjoy a glass, and to feel that it was at his expense. He always paid cheerfully, and experienced a great sense of pleasure, not to say pride, at seeing his friend or neighbour drink off the ale, or wine, or spirits with which he furnished him. He liked to see a man's eyes glisten as the cordial went down his throat; and the "Thank you, sir; your health, sir," was pleasant to his ears. It may even be doubted whether Mr. Chaffin did not feel himself a better man after every such exercise of his liberality and kindness; it was his way of doing to all men as he would they should do unto him, and he was fully convinced that it tended to promote harmony and good feeling between himself and those who partook of his bounty. Yet Mr. Chaffin set his face sternly against drunkenness. He never was "overtaken" himself, perhaps because he could carry more than most men without feeling it; and he was very severe upon those who were guilty of excess. He would not keep a clerk in his counting-house who "drank," nor give employment to a workman who was known to have had too much during working hours. A glass or two would hurt nobody, he used to say; but everybody should know where to stop. Mr. Chaffin knew where to stop, and he expected others to be equally discreet. And yet he knew only too well that many of those with whom he had to do were quite incapable of such self-control. His "What will you

take?" had been the beginning of mischief to more than one of his own people, whom he subsequently discarded with contempt, and the cause of misery and desolation to their families, about whom he gave himself no concern. It is to be feared that there are a great many thoughtless, good-tempered Chaffins in the world, and that many anxious, care-worn households may trace the beginning of their sorrows to such ideas of hospitality as his. It would be well if they could adopt good George Herbert's argument on this subject:—

" Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can and body; must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?"

CHAPTER VI.—SYMPATHY.

Kind hearts are more than coronets.—Tennyson.

TOM HOWARD, declining Mr. Chaffin's hospitality, looked in at the bar before going upstairs to bed, and said "Good night" to Mrs. Roseberry. He had never been alone at a hotel before, and had some difficulty now in finding his way through the many passages and odd turns of the old-fashioned rambling house; but the number on the door enabled him to identify his chamber as soon as he came to it, and he went in and stood in the middle of it, looking round him with a feeling of loneliness which he could not overcome. The bedstead was a fourposter, full-sized and heavily draped with moreen; the walls of the room were panelled and hung with pictures of stage-coaches, favourite race-horses and their jockeys, and some startling portraits of Wellington and other Waterloo heroes, darkened and stained by time. Everything was strange to the boy. He had seen very little of his own country since his arrival from India, with the exception of the metropolis; and this old-fashioned inn was as great a contrast as could well be conceived to the interiors to which he had been accustomed years ago in India, and since then in his adopted home near London. There was nothing about the place to suggest one thought of comfort to him. The large cold room, the silence, the absence of all excitement, oppressed him. For the first time in his life he was alone, cut off as it seemed from every one who cared for him. Of course he should soon get used to it, and new friends would rise up round him; he was sure of that; but for the moment he could not help feeling terribly unhappy. Yet although he was secure from observation in this gloomy chamber, and might have given way to his feelings without fear of interruption, he swallowed down the tears which were ready to break forth, and shaking his head resolutely and stamping upon the floor, almost without knowing what he did, he resolved to meet this trouble, as he had met others not the less real in themselves because of a temporary and harmless kind, like a man. The burden of an old sea song occurred to him, and he began after a few moments to sing it over to himself:

" For sailors are born for all weathers,
Great guns may blow high or blow low,
Our duty calls us to our tethers,
And where duty calls we must go."

After that he felt better, and prepared to "turn in" and "caulk it off," as he murmured to himself, caulking being the approved nautical term for sleep.

On the dressing-table lay a book, which he recognised in a moment by its binding; and a feeling of joy came over him, as if an old friend had met him, or a message had been brought to him from those he loved. He had one like it in his "chest," but it was pleasant to find the same volume in the room waiting for him, and at home there. He opened it tenderly. It need not be said that it was the Book of Books—the Holy Bible—a copy of which had been placed in every room of that house by a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His first thought, as the familiar array of columns and verses met his view, was of his mother. As long ago as he could remember anything, he remembered reading that book with her, and her voice now seemed to speak to him from its pages. He had often read it and heard it read without thinking of her, but now the very tone of her voice seemed fresh in his ears, and the touch of her hand could almost be felt upon his forehead. The large type, the form and size of the volume, and the colour of the binding were like that to which his eyes had been accustomed in their childhood; and it was his mother who had first taught him to read in that book, pointing to the lines and words as he stood by her knee. Intuitively he turned to the Book of Psalms, looking for some of those precious verses which Mrs. Howard had been used to select for frequent reading, and found inexpressible comfort as he gathered here a promise, there a precept, and here again an ejaculation or a prayer exactly suited to the circumstances in which he was then placed. "The Lord preserveth the strangers." "My soul melteth for heaviness; strengthen Thou me, according unto Thy word." "The Lord is thy keeper." "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." After reading such passages as these, which he knew where to look for, he closed the book, scarcely conscious of the tears which were now overflowing from his eyes, and certainly not ashamed of them; and after kneeling at the foot of his great bed, put out his candle, and climbed up into it. The huge mass of feathers, so different from the little mattress to which he had been accustomed, yielded under him, recalling the motion of the pilot's boat from which he had scarcely yet recovered, and making him feel for the moment as if he were again upon the sea; but he soon fell asleep, and dreamed first that he was still on board the Neptune, and then that he was again in India, swinging in a grass hammock with his mother hanging over him and smiling on him. There was a reality, too, about the dream which caused him to open his eyes; for surely he had felt warm lips upon his cheek; and there was a flash of light before him, and the vision of a kind and pleasant face, though not his mother's, very near his own. But the next moment all was dark again externally, and his dream went on with the same grateful imagery, none the less sweet and comfortable because the good-natured landlady had looked in before she went to her own room to see that he was all right; and, moved by the tear-marks upon his cheek, had blessed him in her heart and given him a gentle kiss upon his lips, while thinking of her own child, her own "young bear," as Mr. Chaffin would have called him, far away upon the sea.

It was late next morning when Tom Howard

opened his eyes. As soon as he became alive to the realities of the situation he rose without delay, and descended to the coffee-room. Breakfast was laid there for two, himself and Mr. Chaffin, as it presently appeared, for that gentleman had settled that they were to take this meal together, and then to travel by the same train to Abbotscliff. The day was fine, and Mr. Chaffin was gone out for a turn and to look at some works which were being constructed by a rival contractor for the improvement of the port, which was likely to become a place of more importance since the railway had been opened. Although Mr. Chaffin had great confidence in his own powers, he never lost an opportunity of observing what others were doing, and was not above taking a hint from anything he saw or from any one, however humble his position, who was able to give him one. While our young hero was waiting his return, the landlady entered the room to ask him how he had slept, hoping he was none the worse for his wetting the previous evening, and expressing a kindly interest in himself and his movements generally. She had heard that he was going to school, and wondered much that he should have come by such a route and in such weather, and was curious to know more about him.

He answered her questions readily, for she had won his heart—no very difficult matter under such conditions. But she was not satisfied.

"I wonder they would let you come ashore in such weather," she said.

Tom explained that it was inevitable. His mother would not have sent him if he had not been willing to come.

"She could not help it, I suppose," said the landlady, pensively. "Well, Master Howard, I'm glad, if you *was* to come ashore alone in this way, that you came to me."

"So am I," said Tom, quickly.

"And if I can do anything for you, say so, and I will. I've got a son at sea myself, and somebody will be kind to him I hope, if ever he needs it. And if you come this way again at any time, I hope you'll pay me another visit; not because I keep an hotel, you know (though it is the best hotel in the town, and you would not be comfortable for an hour at that new railway place they have built near the station to run away with my custom), but because I should like to see you as a friend, you know. You understand what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Tom, eagerly, "I understand quite well, and am very much obliged to you."

"Now I dare say," she resumed, after looking kindly at his face for some moments, "I dare say that, though you are going to school, you have not got such a thing as a good plum cake to take with you, such as all schoolboys have."

"A cake? no. There were so many other things to think about, it was not likely any one would remember about a cake. I have got money to buy one if I like."

"That's a different thing, my dear," Mrs. Roseberry replied; "now, I'll tell you what; I have got a cake ready made that you shall have, a beauty! There; don't say a word. I'll have it put up for you, and you can take it in the carriage with you, under the seat, so as it shan't be lost." And with many a nod and smile the good lady bustled off to see about it, soothed and comforted in her mind at the thought of being able to supply what seemed to her to be a serious defect in his school outfit.

"Father in India, poor boy!" she said to herself, "and mother on the sea; I wonder whether she is his real mother; or perhaps he is not his real father. I suppose, though, they can't help it, and it must be a grievous thing for them as well as for him. He shall have the cake—that he shall."

Mr. Chaffin came in presently, and was full of the merits of a steam pump which he had seen at work in the harbour. He had been so pleased with it, he said, and the man in charge of it was so civil and intelligent, that although it was so early in the day he had asked him what he would take to drink.

"And did he take anything?" Tom asked.

"Took offence, I fancy," Mr. Chaffin replied; "turned his back, and said he was not dry; pointed to the pump, and said there was drink enough there if he wanted any. So I came away and left him. He was a very intelligent fellow, though, for all that."

"So I should think," said Tom, significantly.

Mr. Chaffin looked at Tom as if he did not quite know what to make of the remark, but said nothing, and breakfast being laid they sat down to it together. The contractor looked larger and more important by daylight, Tom thought, than he did the previous evening; perhaps it was because he had been out to stretch himself, as he said. Under the genial influence of buttered toast and broiled fish he soon recovered from the little rebuff which he had met with, and his broad face bending over his plate presented a picture of rude health, good humour, and unbounded self-satisfaction.

"Ten fifty is our train," he said; "it's late for me, but I wanted to have a look round before

starting off. I told the waiter to call you early, that you might go with me, but old Mother Roseberry would not let him. She would have her own way, and said you were not to be disturbed. A woman is harder to manage than a hundred navvies. Eat away, boy, I ordered a good breakfast for you, and you need not be afraid of the expense: I'll pay. You are going to school with my son Marmadook; you and he will be great cronies, I expect, so you're my guest this morning. No briled bones—eh—what!"

The boy was not particularly hungry, but he could not help thinking that he had been very fortunate in meeting with two such kind people as Mrs. Roseberry and Mr. Chaffin on landing at a strange place, and he made a better breakfast than he might otherwise have done.

The waiter brought him his bill when he asked for it, a very moderate one, with no charge for the breakfast; that was put down to Mr. Chaffin; and the landlady met him in the passage with a hamper containing some other good things besides the cake; and he returned her kiss warmly when she bade him good-bye.

"You won't forget me," she said, "if you ever come this way?"

"No," he replied; "I shall never forget you, whether I come this way again or not." And it may safely be predicated, even at this early period of his history, that he never did, or will. The good woman's deed, to be sure, was not much; but the kindness and sympathy which find expression in such little attentions are above price and deserve to be commemorated.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

VI.

PERHAPS the virtues which we should least expect to find in judges are kindness and tenderheartedness. It might be believed that a long career of dispensing laws, which, however good towards the interests of the public, are frequently severe and apparently unjust to the individual, and continued familiarity with the painful transactions carried on in criminal courts, would obliterate those finer sentiments of the mind, and convert the judge into a mere legal machine, destitute of compassion and sympathy. A long observance of judges, past and present, has convinced the writer of the inaccuracy of any view of this kind, and has proved to him satisfactorily that the sages of the law—many of them—neither have been, nor are, one whit less kind and feeling than high-minded men of other professions.

In July, 1850, Baron Parke and Justice Talfourd met at Chester, the one having just travelled the South and the other the North Wales Circuit. Walking side by side downstairs at the judges' lodgings to join the high sheriff, who was about to convey them in state to the Cathedral, the Baron noticed, to his surprise, that his brother judge was arrayed in his scarlet and *ermine* robes, instead of in the scarlet and *silk* costume donned in summer, and which he himself correctly wore. "Brother, brother!" cried the punctilious Baron, "you've got your winter robes on!" "Yes," said Talfourd, "my unfortunate butler made a mistake when we started from town, and put these in the luggage." "And you've travelled all

round North Wales in them?" "Oh yes," said Talfourd, "the prisoners were tried just as well you know, and I didn't like to hurt my man's feelings by speaking to him about them. I shall tell him before we part, so as to be right next time." "Why, I'd have discharged him," said Baron Parke. "Oh no, brother, you wouldn't," replied Talfourd; "he's lost his mother lately, poor fellow; and, after all, it was only a fault of the head, you know, Baron, not of the heart."

Another anecdote relating to the same judge is more of a domestic character. At one corner of Russell Square, and near to the house of Talfourd, an old woman had for several years kept an apple stall, where the judge frequently made a small purchase. Standing at his parlour window one pouring wet day, Talfourd saw the old creature seated in her usual place, and crouching down wet through in the pelting rain. The sight aroused all his kind and pitying nature. It was in vain he returned to his literary or legal labours; again and again he went to the window to see the same, to him, distressing sight. At last, seized with a sudden idea, he donned his coat and hat, rushed off to a shop in Southampton Row, and purchased a large *gig* umbrella, which he brought back triumphantly and placed over the old woman. "Wasn't it a glorious thought?" we heard him ask a somewhat unappreciative brother judge. "The thing actually covered her and her apple stall too."

Many were the half-sovereigns and sovereigns which the kind and good man sent round privately by his clerk to the governors of gaols to be given to poor friendless youths convicted before him, that they should not be turned penniless upon the world when their term of imprisonment was over.

To many yet living the very name of Justice Pattison will bring back the remembrance of one of the kindest men who ever adorned the English Bench. A great and learned lawyer, an accomplished scholar, and a sincere friend, this judge was more particularly a *sympathetic* man, entering into all the anxieties and fears of those coming before him, whether as parties to a cause, their representatives, witnesses, or even as prisoners. It was in recognition of this that the body of attorneys' clerks, who were continually before him at chambers, resolved upon an act quite unprecedented between so comparatively humble a class and one of the judges "assigned to hold pleas before the queen herself;" this was to present him with a handsome silver inkstand bought by their subscriptions, and bearing an inscription testifying their gratitude for the kindness and urbanity which had always distinguished him in his dealings with them. A time was appointed by the judge for receiving the testimonial, and no one then present will ever forget the noble words of gentleness and wisdom with which its receipt was acknowledged.

The peculiar tenderness of character which distinguished Justice Pattison shone forth more particularly in all intercourse he had with children. When tendered as witnesses, it was delightful to witness the almost fatherly manner in which he inquired into their religious knowledge and mental capacity for taking an oath; and when their answers were satisfactory, and they were duly sworn, the care he took that they should not be overawed or frightened was at times almost amusing. One little mite called as a witness during a trial remained perfectly mute when attempt was made to examine her. With mouth wide open and eyes dilated to their full extent, she could only gaze at the somewhat stout old judge, as she stood on the bench at his side, that he might the better hear her. All attempts at getting an answer from the paralysed lips were ineffectual. "Oh, I see what it is," said the judge, with a smile; "it's my wig! It's only horsehair, my child," he rejoined. "Why, I can take it off, you see," suiting the action to the word. "It is only an ornament, and a very funny one, too, my dear." Confidence was established, and the examination proceeded satisfactorily.

In many instances (more frequently than at the present day) children were brought to the judge's chambers on writs of *habeas corpus*, the question raised being into whose custody it was most proper to deliver them. Very distressing scenes at times took place, the father on the one side and the mother on the other urging their claims to the possession of an offspring, perhaps very dear to them both. The old judge would direct the room to be cleared of relatives and friends, would take the child on his knee, and, by a few encouraging words and well-timed questions, would find out the *bond fides* of the matter better than by the examination of any number of witnesses.

It was frequently the case on circuit, at the time when Pattison was judge, that the jury were dismissed to consider their verdict in a criminal case at six or seven in the evening, and directions were given that when they had agreed, they and the prisoner,

properly escorted, should be brought to the judge's lodgings, the jury to convict or acquit the prisoner, and he to receive his sentence if found guilty. They generally appeared before the judge in the dining-room, not unfrequently the dinner being already on the table. Justice Pattison, however, invariably left instructions before leaving court on such emergencies, that jury and prisoner should be left in the hall, or taken into some unoccupied apartment at the "lodgings." "It is un-Christian and wicked," he would say, "to take a number of famished men, and a poor frightened wretch to receive his sentence, into the midst of comfort and luxury; the contrast is too dreadful, far too dreadful!"

Justice Sir James Allan Park, of whom we have several times in previous papers spoken, was a marvellously kind and amiable man, whether on or off the judgment-seat. His peculiarity, however, consisted in taking a sudden partiality to particular witnesses, to whom he then became, during their examination, very polite and attentive, whilst others who were, perhaps, far more deserving, escaped his attention altogether. So astonishingly kind did he once, at Warwick, become to an old lady called in evidence before him, that before leaving the box she curtsied, and humbly asked leave to shake hands with his lordship! "Oh, I am sure I would willingly do so if out of doors," he replied, smiling; "but here, my dear madam, it might, you see, be drawn into a precedent," adding, in his talking-aloud manner, as the enamoured old biddy left the box, "A dear creature! a very dear, fascinating creature indeed!" to the intense amusement of the Bar and other spectators.

Although not to be adduced as an act of *judicial* kindness, for he was an eminent leading Q.C. at the time, we cannot omit an anecdote of the late Lord Westbury when Mr. Bethell. He was sitting one day in the Court of Chancery, awaiting the coming on of an important case in which he was engaged, when his attention was attracted by the very feeble argument of a junior counsel, who was urging the claim of a poor client to the possession of some disputed landed property. So lame and imperfect was the counsel's speech, and so defective his attempt to establish his "case," that Bethell became disgusted, and was scarcely surprised when, upon the young counsel sitting down, the Vice-Chancellor gave judgment against him. Forgetting for the moment his own important cause, the great Queen's Counsel hastily followed from the court the defeated client, whom he had already recognised, and tapping him on the shoulder, said, abruptly, "You will take your case up to the Court of Appeal?" "I am too poor, sir, to do so; I must be satisfied at leaving it where it is." "Nonsense! tell your solicitor to call upon me; my name is Bethell." The call was duly made, the case taken gratuitously, argued on appeal with consummate ability by Bethell, who had the satisfaction of obtaining the judgment of the court, and of seeing his humble client put in possession of the disputed property just before he himself attained the dignity of Lord High Chancellor.

While on this subject we must not omit the act of courtesy, though proceeding, perhaps, more from ancient custom than from individual kindness, which all judges indulge in when holding the Assizes at the seat of a royal foundation school, such as Winchester, Shrewsbury, etc., of asking from the head-master a day's holiday for the pupils. Not a few judges sup-

plement the request, when granted, by a liberal contribution of money, for "cakes and apples," towards the festivities of the day. At Liverpool the boys of the Sailors' Orphan Asylum come to the beautiful "lodgings" of the judges in Newsham Park, and their band serenades under the windows. The performance is always followed by a request to the master for a holiday, and not unfrequently (as in the preceding instance) by a liberal monetary donation.

These few instances of the kindness of judges, especially of those of modern times, might be easily multiplied. The late Justice Willes, regardless of wig and robes, led from court into his private room, and solicitously attended, a poor epileptic witness, till medical assistance could be obtained. Baron Alderson many times visited prisoners convicted before him in their cells, endeavouring to obtain from them circumstances to which their lips were legally closed while on their trial, and which might be laid by him before the higher powers and obtain a mitigation of sentence; whilst a late chief baron personally tried the severity of crank, treadmill, and oakum-picking, with a view of rightly awarding the discipline to offenders. Many other judges have undertaken as men works of humanity and kindness which their position on the Bench did not enable them to perform.

THE QUIPU.

A SHORT time since we saw in the possession of a friend some valuable relics which had been forwarded to him from Peru. These antiquities were a portion of a costume, some silver and bone beads, a wooden needle, a piece of bread, and what is believed to be a part of a "quipu," which were all obtained from the grave of one of the Incas, and must have been placed with the embalmed body centuries ago. They were in wonderful preservation, owing, no doubt, to their being buried together in the sand. The scrap of garment which had enveloped the mummy was like coarse canvas, and interwoven with it were small but beautiful yellow feathers, resembling those of the canary. The robe at a distance must have seemed to be entirely composed of these, and would have had when worn a royal though simple appearance. The remaining antiquities were easily named, except what appeared to be a bunch of different coloured threads. We at first thought that they appertained to the shuttle, but could not understand why the various colours should be in the same skein, and then we remembered that, in lieu of an alphabet, the Peruvians used the quipu, and in this thought what a field for the imagination! The royal Inca and the "quipu" of his history buried together; and exhumed by a party of curious Englishmen, by special permission of the Republic of Peru. But where was the Amauta who could unravel the story?

The absence of an alphabet amongst the Peruvians at the time of the Spanish Conquest must have forcibly struck the scholars of that time, especially as the invaders found a powerful nation, far advanced in civilisation under the despotic though paternal rule of the Incas. The fact is of scarcely less interest in these days, when the alphabet has become the legal heritage of every child in the land. The laws of the country were simple though strict, and, according to the statements of the Spanish writers of

that age, were in all respects suitable to the condition of the people, who were, in fact, like children of the State as regards their relations to the reigning sovereign and his family, the Incas. The science of agriculture was well advanced, the use of guano being common to the tillers of the soil. Mines were opened and worked, although to the advantage mainly of the Inca, to whom, according to the law of the country, all belonged; coinage was unknown; but beautiful designs were wrought in gold and silver, the representation of the Indian maize being the most noteworthy, and vases made of these metals were found in profusion. The palaces of the Incas are described as magnificent in the extreme, and these buildings were discovered by the Spaniards in all directions, it being the rule, when the reigning sovereign died, that all his houses, containing all his belongings, should be closed for ever. Bridges were constructed, though of primitive design, being composed of long cables made of an osier of remarkable strength and durability. Woollen and cotton goods were fabricated, the material having been previously garnered by the Government, and apportioned at certain intervals to the various communities whose female hands had been instructed in the art of spinning and weaving. Yet the nation, which had attained to this measure of civilisation, possessed no characters for a written language. Great consequence is the loss both to the student and the antiquary.

It may be asked, how could a nation be instructed in the various branches of learning without a written language? How could a nation attain to military renown and eminence without a history to arouse the latent ambition of her young men? As regards the Peruvians, the answer lies in the statement that men were specially appointed to learn and recount the history and personal adventures of the Inca and of his forefathers; and these men, called "Amautas," had the duty of giving instruction to the sons of the nobility. This instruction was oral. That these men should remember every statistic necessary for their discourse would be almost impossible without some arbitrary aid, and the necessity for this led to the adoption and use of a kind of mnemonics in the form of the *quipu*. We are informed by Prescott that the *quipu*—the word signifies a knot—"was a cord about two feet long, composed of different coloured threads tightly twisted together, from which a quantity of smaller threads were suspended in the manner of a fringe. The threads were of different colours, and were tied into knots. The colours denoted sensible objects; for instance, white represented silver; yellow gold. They sometimes also stood for abstract ideas; thus, white signified peace, and red war. But the *quipus* were chiefly used for arithmetical purposes; the knots served instead of ciphers, and could be combined in such a manner as to represent numbers to any amount they required." Thus it can be easily understood that the *quipu* was a most important adjunct to the oral teachings of the Amautas, who could by its help better remember the dates and numbers necessary to the proper relation of the legends which had passed into their special keeping. When our readers are reminded that the Peruvians were very exact statisticians—inasmuch as they registered every birth and death, and kept account of all agricultural produce—the further important use of the *quipu* amongst them is apparent.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER I.—ENTER MR. SHARP.

"**R**EALLY these English newspapers are very well written," said the doctor to himself, as he leaned back in a great leather easy-chair.

Dr. Sarrasin had all his life been given to soliloquizing, one of the many results of absence of mind.

He was a man of fifty, or thereabouts; his features were refined; clear lively eyes shone through his steel spectacles, and the expression of his countenance, although grave, was genial. He was one of those people, looking at whom one says at the first glance, "There is an honest man!"

Notwithstanding the early hour, and the easy style of his dress, the doctor had already shaved and put on a white cravat.

Scattered near him on the carpet and on sundry chairs, in the sitting-room of his hotel at Brighton, lay copies of the "Times," the "Daily Telegraph," and the "Daily News." It was not much more than ten o'clock, yet the doctor had been out walking in the town, had visited an hospital, returned to his hotel, and read in the principal London journals the full report of a paper communicated by him two evenings previously at a meeting of the Great International Hygienic Conference on the "Compte globules du sang," or "blood-corpuscle computator," an instrument he had invented, and which even in England keeps its French name. Before him stood a breakfast-tray covered with a snowy napkin, on which were placed a well-dressed cutlet, a cup of hot and fragrant tea, and a plate of that buttered toast which English cooks, thanks to English bakers, can make to perfection.

"Yes," he repeated, "these journals are admirably well written, there is no denying the fact. Here is the speech of the president, the reply by Doctor

Cicogna of Naples, my own paper in full, all as it were caught in the air and photographed at once!"

Dr. Sarrasin of Douai rose and addressed the meeting. The honourable member spoke in French, and said, 'My auditors will permit me to express

myself in my own language, which I am sure they understand far better than I can speak theirs.'

"Five columns in small print!"

"I cannot decide which reports it best, the 'Times' or the 'Telegraph,' each seems so exact and so precise."

Dr. Sarrasin had reached this point in his meditations, when one of the waiters of the establishment, a gentleman most correctly dressed in black, entered, and presenting a card, inquired whether "Monsieur" was "at home" to a visitor.

This appellation of "Monsieur" the English consider it necessary to bestow indiscriminately on every Frenchman — in the same way they would think it a breach of all the rules of civility did they fail to address an Italian as "Signor," and a German as "Herr."

Perhaps on the whole the custom is a good one—it certainly has the advantage of at once indicating nationalities.

Considerably surprised to hear of a visitor in a country where he was acquainted with no one, the doctor took the card, and read with increased perplexity the following address:

"Mr. Sharpe,
Solicitor,

Southampton Row, London."

He knew that a "solicitor" meant what he should call an "avoué," and signified a lawyer of the compound nature of attorney, procurator, and notary.

What possible business can Mr. Sharp have with



DOCTOR SARRASIN.

me? thought the doctor. Can I have got into some scrape or other without knowing it? "Are you sure this card is intended for me?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Monsieur."

"Well, let the gentleman come in."

A youngish man entered the room, whom the doctor at once classed in the great family of "death's heads." Thin dry lips, drawn back from long white teeth, hollow temple-bones, displayed beneath skin like parchment, the complexion of a mummy, and small grey eyes as sharp as needles, quite justified the title. The rest of the skeleton, from the heels to the occiput, was hidden from view beneath an ulster, of a large chequer pattern; his hand grasped a patent leather bag.

This personage entered, bowing in a hasty manner, placed bag and hat on the ground, took a chair without waiting to have one offered, and opened his business by saying,—

"William Henry Sharp, Junior, of the firm of Billows, Green, Sharp, & Co. Have I the honour of speaking to Doctor Sarrasin?"

"Yes, sir."

"François Sarrasin?"

"That certainly is my name."

"Of Douai?"

"I reside at Douai."

"Your father's name was Isidore Sarrasin?"

"It was so."

"Let us conclude him to have been Isidore Sarrasin."

Mr. Sharp drew a note-book from his pocket, consulted it, and resumed,—

"Isidore Sarrasin died at Paris in 1857, 6th Arrondissement, Rue Taranne, Number 54—the Hotel des Écoles, now demolished."

"Perfectly correct," said the doctor, more and more astonished. "But will you have the kindness to explain—?"

"His mother's name," pursued the imperturbable Mr. Sharp, "was Julie Langévol, originally of Bar-le-Duc, daughter of Benedict Langévol, who lived in the alley Loriot, and died in 1812, as is shown by the municipal registers of the said town—these registers are a valuable institution, sir—highly valuable—hem—hem—and sister of Jean Jacques Langévol, drum-major in the 36th Light—"

"I assure you," interrupted Doctor Sarrasin, confounded by this intimate acquaintance with his genealogy, "that you are better informed on these points than I am myself. It is true that my grandmother's family name was Langévol, and that is all I know about her."

"About the year 1807 she left the town of Bar-le-Duc with your grandfather, Jean Sarrasin, whom she had married in 1799. They settled at Melun, where he worked as a tinsmith, and where, in 1811, Julie Langévol, Sarrasin's wife, died, leaving only one child, Isadore Sarrasin, your father. From that time, up to the date of his death, discovered at Paris, the thread is lost."

"I can supply it," said the doctor, interested in spite of himself by this wonderful precision.

"My grandfather settled in Paris for the sake of the education of his son, whom he destined to the medical profession. He died in 1832, at Palaiseau, near Versailles, where my father practised as a physician, and where I was born in 1822."

"You are my man," resumed Mr. Sharp.

"No brothers or sisters?"

"None. I was the only son; my mother died two years after my birth. Now, sir, will you tell me—?"

Mr. Sharp stood up.

"Rajah Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath," said he, pronouncing the names with the respect shown by

every Englishman to a title, "I am happy to have discovered you, and to be the first to congratulate you."

"The man is deranged," thought the doctor; "it is not at all uncommon among these death's heads."

The solicitor read this opinion in his eyes.

"I am not mad in the slightest degree," said he, calmly. "You are at the present moment the sole known heir to the title of Rajah, which Jean Jacques Langévol, who became a naturalised British subject in 1819, succeeded to the property of his wife the Begum Gokool, and died in 1841, leaving only one son, an idiot, who died without issue in 1869, was



"I HAVE THE HONOUR TO WISH THE RAJAH A VERY GOOD MORNING."

allowed to assume by the Governor-General of the province of Bengal.

"The value of the estate has risen during the last thirty years to about five million of pounds sterling. It remained sequestered and under guardianship, almost the whole of the interest going to increase the capital during the life of the imbecile son of Jean Jacques Langévol.

"In 1870 the value of the inheritance was given in round numbers to be twenty-one millions of pounds sterling, or five hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. In fulfilment of an order of the law court of Agra, countersigned by that of Delhi, and confirmed by the Privy Council, the whole of the landed and personal property has been sold, and the sum realised has been placed in the Bank of England.

"The actual sum is five hundred and twenty-seven millions of francs, which you can withdraw by a cheque as soon as you have proved your genealogical identity in the Court of Chancery. And in the meantime I am authorised by Messrs. Trollop, Smith, and Co., Bankers, to offer you advances to any amount."

Dr. Sarrasin sat petrified—for some minutes he could not utter a word; then, impressed by a conviction that this fine story was without any foundation in fact, he quietly said,—

"After all, sir, where are the proofs of this, and in what way have you been led to find me out?"

"The proofs are here, sir," replied Mr. Sharp, tapping on his shiny leather bag. "As to how I discovered you, it has been in a very simple way—I have been searching for you for five years. It is the speciality of our firm to find heirs for the numerous fortunes which year by year are left in escheat in the British dominions.

"For five years the question of the inheritance of the Begum Gokool has exercised all our ingenuity and activity. We have made investigations in every direction, passed in review hundreds of families of your name without finding that of Isidore Sarrasin. I was almost convinced that there was not another of the name in all France, when yesterday morning I read in the 'Daily News' a report of the meeting of the Hygienic Conference, and observed that among the members was a Doctor Sarrasin, of whom I had never before heard.

"Referring instantly to my notes, and to hundreds of papers on the subject of this estate, I ascertained with surprise that the town of Douai had entirely escaped our notice.

"With the conviction that I had got on the right scent, I took the train for Brighton, saw you leave the meeting, and all doubt vanished. You are the living image of your great-uncle Langévol, of whom we possess a photograph taken from a portrait by the Indian painter Saranoni."

Mr. Sharp took a photograph from his pocket-book and handed it to Dr. Sarrasin.

It represented a tall man with a magnificent beard, a crested turban, and a richly brocaded robe.

He was seated after the manner of conventional portraits of generals in the army, appearing to be drawing up a plan of attack, while attentively regarding the spectator.

In the background could be dimly discerned the smoke of battle and a charge of cavalry.

"A glance at these papers will inform you on this matter better than I can do," continued Mr. Sharp;

"I will leave them with you, and return in a couple of hours, if you will then permit me to take your orders."

So saying, Mr. Sharp drew from the depths of his glazed bag seven or eight bundles of documents, some printed, some manuscript, placed them on the table, and backed out of the room, murmuring.—

"I have the honour to wish the Rajah Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath a very good morning."

Partly convinced, partly ridiculing the idea, the doctor took the papers and began to peruse them.

A rapid examination sufficed to show him the truth of Mr. Sharp's statements, and to remove his doubts. Among the printed documents he read the following:

Evidence placed before the Right Honourable Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council on the 5th of January 1870, touching the vacant succession of the Begum Gokool of Ragginahra, in Bengal. Points of the case. The question concerns the rights of possession to certain landed estates, together with a variety of edifices, palaces, mercantile establishments, villages, personal properties, treasure, arms, etc., etc., forming the inheritance of the Begum Gokool of Ragginahra.

From evidence submitted to the civil tribunal of Agra, and to the Superior Court at Delhi, it appears that in 1819, the Begum Gokool, widow of Rajah Luckmissur, and possessed in her own right of considerable wealth, married a foreigner, of French origin, by name Jean Jacques Langévol.

This foreigner, after serving until 1815 in the French army as drum-major in the 36th Light Cavalry, embarked at Nantes, upon the disbandment of the army of the Loire, as supercargo of a merchant ship.

He reached Calcutta, passed into the interior, and speedily obtained the appointment of military instructor in the small native army which the Rajah Luckmissur was authorised to maintain. In this army he rose to be commander-in-chief, and shortly after the Rajah's death he obtained the hand of his widow.

In consideration of various important services rendered to the English residents at Agra by Jean Jacques Langévol, he was constituted a British subject, and the Governor-General of Bengal obtained for the husband of the Begum the title of Rajah of Bryah Jowahir Mothooranath, which was the name of one of the most considerable of her estates. The Begum died in 1839, leaving the whole of her wealth and property to Langévol, who survived her only two years.

Their only child was imbecile from his infancy, and was placed at once under guardians. The inheritance was carefully managed by trustees until his death, which occurred in 1869.

To this immense heritage there is no known heir. The courts of Agra and Delhi having ordered its sale by auction, on the application of the local government acting for the state, we have the honour to request from the Lords of the Privy Council a confirmation of their decision, etc. Here followed the signatures.

Copies of legal documents from Agra and Delhi, deeds of sale, an account of the efforts made in France to discover the next of kin to Langévol's family, and a whole mass of imposing evidence of the like nature, left Dr. Sarrasin no room for doubt or hesitation.

Between him and the five hundred and twenty-seven millions of francs deposited in the strong rooms of the Bank of England there was but a step, the production of authentic certificates of certain births and deaths.

Such a stroke of fortune being enough to dazzle the imagination of the most sober-minded man, the good doctor could not contemplate it without some emotion. Yet it was of short duration, and exhibited simply by a rapid walk for a few minutes up and down his apartment.

Quickly recovering his self-possession, he accused himself of weakness for yielding to this feverish agitation, threw himself into his chair, and remained for a time lost in profound reflection.

Then suddenly rising, he resumed his walk backwards and forwards, while his eyes shone with a pure light as though a noble and generous project burned within his breast. He seemed to welcome, to caress, to encourage, and finally to adopt it.

A knock at the door. Mr. Sharp returned.

"I ask pardon a thousand times for my doubts as to the correctness of your information," said the doctor in a cordial tone. "You see me now perfectly convinced, and extremely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken."

"Not at all—mere matter of business—in the way of my profession—nothing more," replied Mr. Sharp. "May I venture to hope that the Rajah will remain our client?"

"That is understood. I place the whole affair in your hands. I only beg you to desist from giving me that absurd title."

"Absurd!—a title worth twenty millions!" were the words Mr. Sharp would have uttered had he known no better, but he said, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it. As you please, sir. I am now going to return by train to London, where I shall await your orders."

"May I keep these documents?" inquired the doctor.

"Most assuredly—we retain copies."

Dr. Sarrasin was left alone. He seated himself at his desk, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote as follows:—

"Brighton, 28th October, 1871.

"My dear child,

"We have become possessed of an enormous fortune, a fortune absurdly colossal. Do not fancy that I have lost my senses, but read the printed papers enclosed in my letter. You will there plainly see that I am proved to be the heir to a native title in India, and a sum equivalent to many millions of francs, actually deposited in the Bank of England.

"I can feel sure of the sentiments with which you, my dear Otto, will receive this news. You will perceive, as I do myself, the new duties which such wealth will impose upon us, and the danger we are in of being tempted to use it unwisely.

"It is but an hour since I was made aware of the fact, and already the overpowering sense of responsibility seems to lessen the pleasure it first gave me as I thought of you. This change may be fatal instead of fortunate to our destiny. In the modest position of pioneers of science we were content and happy in obscurity. Shall we continue to be so? I doubt it—unless—perhaps—(could I venture to mention an idea which has flashed across my brain) unless this same fortune were to become in our hands a new and powerful engine of science, a mighty tool in the

great work of civilisation and progress! We will talk about this. Write to me—let me know very soon what impression this wonderful news makes on your mind—and let your mother hear of it from you. Sensible woman as she is, I am convinced she will receive it calmly. As to your sister, she is too young to have her head turned by anything of the sort. Besides, that little head of hers is a very sober one, and even if she could comprehend all that this change in our position implies, I believe she would take it more quietly than any of us.

"Remember me cordially to Max; I connect him with all my schemes for the future.

"Your affectionate father,

"FRANÇOIS SARRASIN."

This letter, with the more important papers, was addressed to—

Monsieur Octave Sarrasin,

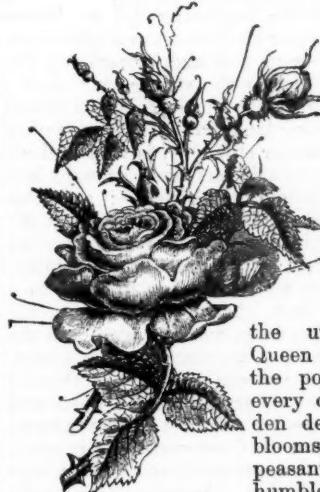
Student at the Upper School of Arts and Manufactures,

32, Rue du Roi de Sicile,
Paris.

Then the doctor put on his overcoat, took his hat, and went to the Conference.

In a quarter of an hour the worthy man had forgotten all about his millions.

ROSE-GROWING.



THE rose is not only the truly English flower—our national emblem—sung by the poets since the days of Sappho and Anacreon, beauty's favourite adornment, and the universally admitted Queen of Flowers, but it is the popular flower, which every one that has a garden desires to grow. It blooms, too, as freely for peasant as for peer. The humble cottager who has

but a few square yards of ground, and, as Canon Hole would say, the love of the flower in his heart, can give it all the care and cultivation that it really needs for its perfect development; whilst the peer, with all his wealth and highly-paid gardeners, can but produce perfection after all. Nor can he surpass its beauty, for much as we may admire the choice exotics in some costly conservatory, for their novelty to us perhaps more than for their intrinsic beauty, yet when the flowers are picked and set side by side it will be admitted that for scent, colour, purity, and elegance in one, the rose is "Queen" still.

But how rarely do we see a thoroughly perfect rose, even in the gardens of the well-to-do. As to the amateurs, who with their own hands bring the rose to perfection, they may be counted, if not on

the fingers, at least by the score. And yet, if their zeal were not somehow misdirected they should be found in their thousands. Now, there is nothing more vexatious to a would-be rosarian, whose enthusiasm has been newly kindled at this season of rose-shows, than to find that it is not enough to take down the names of the prize-winners, and order the same trees from a noted rose-grower, possibly the very exhibitor himself. He may even go to a first-class nursery in July, and make a selection from the magnificent blooms he will see on all sides, and then find that when the very trees that he selected in the summer are removed to his own garden in the autumn they rapidly deteriorate; blossoms, which in the nursery were like a cup in shape and like the saucer in size, become flat, weak, straggly things, smaller each year, until at last the unhappy tree gives up the unequal struggle and quietly dies. "*Why do the roses die?*" is the wail of many an enthusiastic amateur. In a few cases it may be due to the selection of delicate kinds which require professional skill and favourable conditions to grow them well; but the decay of roses proceeds generally from the unskilled treatment they receive. "There goeth art" to the growing of roses, as well as "to the cooking of eggs;" and it is obvious that the greater the contrast between the soil and treatment given in the nursery and that which they receive afterwards, the smaller the chances of success. Let us see, then, if by a few simple hints we cannot contribute something to increase those chances of success.

To begin, then, at the beginning, let us, before buying our rose-trees, see that we have a place suitable for them both as to soil and situation. The natural home of the rose is the strong land, as the luxuriance of the wild rose in the hedges will tell us at a glance. But strong land, which is for the most part only another name for stiff clay, is very difficult stuff to deal with, unless it has been brought into good condition by judicious cultivation; and this does not mean a mere digging and manuring of the upper eight or nine inches, which is too often all that it gets. To make a bed where roses will thrive, the ground must first be thoroughly drained to a depth of *at least* three feet. Then "*double-dig*" the ground, i.e., two spades deep, working well into the lower tier some stable litter, vegetable refuse, leaves, fine ashes, lime, and rubbish of any soluble or fibrous kind which will keep the earth open and also enrich it, but reserving the best of the manure for the top spit; it will work downwards fast enough. Fresh-burnt lime is an excellent fertiliser for clay soils, rendering them friable. Anything of a sandy nature that helps to keep the land open to the action of the sun and air is good, but there is nothing equal to burnt clay from a "*smother*," i.e., a large bonfire smothered when at its hottest with a covering of weeds, turf, and clay, with a little small coal strewn between the clay to keep the fire going. When this is fairly burnt out, what is left will be a heap of moderately fine brick ashes, which, with a liberal mixture of well-rotted stable dung, is the food of foods for roses, far to be preferred to any fancy "*mixtures*" or guano, which, if not applied with great judgment, will destroy the rose. Soot, charcoal, nitrate of soda, parings of horses' hoofs from a farrier's shed, and many other things, are good manures when judiciously applied, but the *piece de resistance* of the rosarian's banquet is the vulgar but invaluable muck-heap. As to the posi-

tion of the bed, one cannot always command the site one would wish, but one can at least avoid putting the rose in a very exposed situation; one can also keep the bed well away from the drip and shade of trees, and yet not too fully in the glare of a burning sun. If your garden is much exposed to the wind, shelter may be obtained by a yew or hornbeam hedge. *Au reste*, you must do what you can, but remember that situation counts for something in successful rose-growing. Your trees do not want coddling, but they must not have greater trials than necessary to contend against if you wish them to win that coveted first prize.

And now, having prepared the ground, let us invite the company to enter. Who comes first, claiming the proud title of *the best rose*? A hard question, indeed, when so many are so lovely. It is hard enough to name even the best twenty—as we may see by the difference in the lists made up by leading rosarians. There is nothing more perplexing to the young rose-grower than this question of selection. He sits down to a catalogue and begins marking all that are described in superlative terms, but he finds so many that are "superb," "exquisite," "a grand rose," and so on, that before he has got beyond D he has already selected as many as he intended to have, and his real difficulty is not so much which to choose as which to refrain from choosing. Now a very moderate experience in rose-growing shows us that there are a few types of roses upon which the changes are rung, with an infinite variety of new *names*, without any really great substantial difference except to the critical eye of an expert. A judge at a rose-show will tell a Jean Liabaud from a Louis van Houtte, or a Marie Beaumann from an Alfred Colomb, but not one in a hundred of the public will see the difference, particularly as the shades of the dark roses vary with the season, the weather, and the number of hours they have been in full bloom. Let us suppose that you are walking through a large nursery at the end of June or the beginning of July, when the roses are in their pride, and that the obliging nurseryman makes up a bouquet of the following:—Maréchal Niel, the king of all, which every one will insist upon having, but which not one in a hundred will be able to grow out-of-doors; an exquisite deep-yellow Noisette, more lovely by far than any golden rose blessed by the Pope as a special gift to a crowned head; Devonensis, an equally exquisite, pure, creamy white, of delicious tea-scented perfume; Louis van Houtte, a deep, velvety crimson; Charles Lefebvre, a superb brighter crimson; Alfred Colomb, a brilliant crimson, a few shades lighter; Edouard Morren, rose-pink; Captain Christy, a delicate, soft flesh-colour; and any good white rose—it will be seen that you have eight typical roses, each so lovely that it is hard to say which is the most beautiful. You may multiply those types of colour to such limits as your purse or garden room will allow, but it will add much to the beauty of your garden if these types are adhered to and multiplied in relative proportion. Every one knows that there is art in the grouping of cut-roses in the flower-vase; why not also of growing roses in the garden? It is quite a waste of beauty to place half a dozen dark or pale roses side by side instead of arranging the various shades in such a manner that their respective merits are brought out by judicious contrast. Therefore in making out an order-list it is desirable to group the shades so that the colours may be well balanced.

Let us take three of each. Beginning with the darkest, we have, say, Louis van Houtte, Jean Liabaud, and Prince Camille de Rohan; for the vivid crimson, take Charles Lefebvre, a rose not easily to be surpassed, Gloire de Santenay, and Senateur Vaisse, or Dr. Andry; for the lighter shade Alfred Colomb, Marie Beaumann, and Madame Victor Verdier; for the true rose shade, François Michelon, Antoine Mouton, and Edouard Morren; with a lighter cast in La France, Madame Therese Levet, and Marguerite de St. Amand; for the delicate, wax-like, pale blush, there are none better than Captain Christy, Miss Hassard, and Baroness Rothschild. The exquisite Madame Lacharme is so nearly white that, in the dearth of really good white roses, it may do duty as such. But still we must have some white roses, and there is none so serviceable for the amateur as Boule de Neige, a fair flower, though not quite up to exhibition standard, but of good constitution and a free bloomer, and this will probably suffice for the whites as so many are found amongst the tea-roses, with just that creamy tinge of yellow that is so exquisite in the newly opening bud. And tea-roses the amateur *must* have, though they will vex his spirit by the delicacy of their constitution. For yellow roses, the only really hardy garden-rose is the double Persian yellow, which has a profusion of small double flowers of a deep bright yellow, but they are very soon over. A perfect early blossom of Maréchal Niel is "quite too lovely," but the hard frosts of winter and the cutting winds of spring make it extremely difficult of attainment without the protection of glass. Perle de Lyon and Perle des Jardins are both beautiful roses that sometimes take a deep yellow tinge, as do several of the teas, but they are all very delicate, with the exception of Gloire de Dijon, one of the most useful roses grown, a very strong grower, and better adapted for a trellis than for either bush or standard. In four years it will cover the side of a small house and bear a profusion of creamy buff blossoms of delicious scent. Up to the very end of the autumn it will never be without at least an exquisite bud for the hair or the button-hole.

Now you may add to the stock, of which we have thus sketched the foundation, as many other roses as your fancy may dictate or purse allow; but, so far as the Hybrid Perpetuals go, you will be only working on old lines after all. To the eye of the expert there are varieties of shade and form innumerable, but few persons can see them, and if you have none but the roses named above you will have skimmed the cream of the rose-garden, and if you take only reasonable pains in growing them you will not be easily beaten, even by richer neighbours.

This brings us to the question of treatment, in which, however, there is *not* so much mystery as one might think when one sees the vast difference in the results obtained. Soil, situation, and plants being good, and the planting properly done, the rules for management are few and simple. Dwarfs on the seedling brier are the best; if standards are preferred choose those of moderate height, not more than two feet from the ground to the head. The brier upon which the rose is budded (technically called worked) should have plenty of small fibrous roots, and all coarse strong shoots, from which would come a plentiful supply of suckers, should be cut clean away with a sharp knife. One of the commonest and most fatal

mistakes made by amateurs is planting too deeply. The roots should not have more than four inches of earth over them at the outside. Avoid pruning at the time of planting; even if there are very long shoots it is better to tie them to a stake for the winter than to cut them back. When the trees are well established the longest shoots may be shortened back one-third of their length to prevent their being broken by storms, but no pruning should be done till March; Lady-day is quite soon enough for the midland and northern districts, and a week later is better than a week earlier. Cut out all weak wood, and shoots that cross one another or tend inwards, the great object in pruning being to have a well-shaped open head. The bearing shoots must be shortened to three, five, or seven eyes, according to whether you wish numbers or quality, a general rule being that the stronger the shoot the *less* severely should it be pruned. Finally, the rose must be kept in health by good food in the way of a coating of rich manure, about a yard in diameter, laid round the stem in the first week in December. This will also serve as a protection from the frost, and at the end of February it may be lightly forked into the soil. A similar dressing at the end of May will prevent the roses suffering from drought in a hot season. Finally, let us add a wrinkle worth knowing:—every second year dig your roses up carefully, prune away all coarse roots, and remake the bed. It will do for the roses just what making the bed does for the invalid: it freshens him up.

THE BELL AND CROZIER OF ST. FILLAN.

S T. FILLAN, who was famous among the Scottish saints for his piety and good works, and has given his name to many chapels, holy fountains, etc., in Scotland, was known in Roman Catholic times as the tutelar saint of Breadalbane. It is said in the Breviary of Aberdeen that he was an abbot and confessor, and descended of noble as well as saintly parents, his mother being Kentigerna, the daughter of the Prince of Leinster, who, in the early part of the eighth century, retired to the Island of Inch-aileoch in Loch Lomond, the church of which was dedicated to her. Her brother was St. Congan, the founder of the monastic church of Turiff in Aberdeenshire.

It affords matter for congratulation that the celebrated bell and crook of St. Fillan should have been preserved, and are now in the safe custody of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Those of our readers who are conversant with the history of the early Scoto-Irish Church are fully aware of the veneration with which the people of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales regarded their saints' bells, hand-bells, and pastoral staves, fearing to take oaths on them, and to perjure themselves, worse than they do upon the gospels. Indeed, one of the most singular forms of Celtic tenure was that connected with the hereditary custody of those bells and bachelus. The lands of the kirktown of Strowan are held by the possession of a bell. Mr. Joseph Robertson has called attention to the fact that the bell of St. Kessog and the bell of St. Lolan were included among the feudal investitures of the earldom of Perth. He has also shown that the possession of the bell of

St. Kentigern gave origin to the armorial bearings of that city. And it is stated that St. Medan's bell had certain lands attached to it which constituted part of the dowry of the Countess of Airlie.

Referring to the use made of St. Fillan's bell in olden times, a recent writer observes:—"On the north bank of the Fillan, near Auchtertyre, stand the ruins of St. Fillan's Church. Within the stream was the Holy Pool, where, in former days, they were wont to dip insane people, for St. Fillan was said to take under his protection the disordered in mind, and works wonderful cures, his votaries declare, to this day." Hence Sir Walter, in "Marmion," says:—

"Thence to St. Fillan's sacred well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore."

The ceremony of dipping insane people in the holy pool was performed after sunset on the first day of the quarter-old style—and before sunrise next morning. They were instructed to take three stones from the bottom of the pool, and walking three times round each of the cairns on the bank, throw a stone into each, and afterwards offer their rags or a little bunch of heath tied with worsted. They were next conveyed to the ruins of St. Fillan's chapel; the ancient bell of St. Fillan was placed on their head with great solemnity; and on a rock in a corner, called St. Fillan's bed, they were bound fast with ropes, and left there alone during the whole night. If next morning they were found loosed the cure was considered perfect, and thanks returned to the saint; if they continued in bonds, the cure remained doubtful.

This bell is of a very curious shape. Tradition has it that St. Fillan caused it to fly to this church; and a soldier, seeing it in the air, fired at it, which brought it down, and occasioned a great crack in it, which is still to be seen. It usually lay quite exposed on a gravestone in the churchyard; and the popular belief was that if the bell was to be stolen it would not fail to extricate itself from the thief's hands, and return to Strathfillan, ringing all the way.

A last century visitor to the holy pool of Strathfillan, anxious to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the story of St. Fillan's bell, carried it off with him. An old woman, who observed what he was about, asked him what he wanted with the bell? In reply, he told her that he had an unfortunate relation at home out of his mind, and that he wanted to have him cured. "Oh, but," says she, "you must bring him here to be cured, or it will be of no use." Upon which he told her the patient was too ill to be moved, and off he galloped with the bell, taking it with him to England. This singular relic was preserved in this gentleman's family up to October 24th, 1869, when it was given over to the custody of the Earl of Crawford and Dr. Forbes, bishop of Brechin, and by them presented to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, with consent of the visitors and kirk-session of St. Fillan's.

St. Fillan's bell is described as being 12 inches high—four-sided, like most of the ancient bells, 9 by $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and with a remarkable handle. It has been cracked, an accident which impairs the sound. The tongue is of iron. The part worn by the ancient clapper does not correspond with the present tongue. It must have been beaten by some object that worked on a pivot outside of it. The weight of the bell is

8 lb. 14 oz., and its composition is a mixed metal. It is not riveted together, but cast in one piece.

What constitutes the singularity of the handle is a heathen emblem, which Bishop Forbes says he believes has never hitherto been found in any of the Scoto-Irish metal work. Lord Crawford entertains the belief that the bell belongs to Christian times, because he doubts whether such bells were in use before the extinction of publicly-professed paganism. On the other hand, Bishop Forbes is of opinion that it belongs either to the Bronze period anterior to Christian times, or, if Christian, that it has been imported from southern lands, where the heathen ideas, living on into Christian times, were expressed in more definite forms. "There is not the impossibility," continues the learned bishop, "that it may have been imported from Italy, and it will be borne in mind that St. Ternan, according to the legend, received his bell from the Pope, while St. Teilius obtained a bell remarkable for its powers from Jerusalem."

The popular regard which in later times gathered round St. Fillan may be traced to the aid which he is supposed to have lent to the cause of freedom in the struggles of Robert the Bruce against the encroachments of England.

The Scottish sovereign had a particular veneration for St. Fillan in consequence, it is supposed, of one of his earlier victories over the men of Lorn—in the course of which conflict the monarch was frequently exposed to great danger—having been won in the neighbourhood of St. Fillan's Chapel. The saint's name being regarded with peculiar sanctity, and the carrying of croziers and relics of saints in battle-fields being a familiar idea in early times, he caused his arm to be enclosed in a beautiful silver shrine, and carried at the head of the army. We read that, on the celebrated eve of the battle of Bannockburn,* it was committed to the care of the king's chaplain, Maurice, abbot of Inchaffray, the same who, when the English and Scottish troops were on the point of rushing into deadly strife, carried the crucifix along the Scottish line, and exhorted the soldiers to bear themselves manfully in the coming struggle. But Maurice, it is said, fearful lest the precious relic should fall into the hands of the English, who far outnumbered their opponents, secretly removed the arm from the silver shrine, and concealed it in a place of greater security. This the king discovering, deprived the bishop of the custody of St. Fillan's relics. The head of the saint's crozier, or pastoral staff (containing the arm-bone of St. Fillan), called the "Quigrich," was entrusted to the keeping of a peasant of the name of Doire, in Strathfillan, in Killin.

Its possession seems to have conferred certain important privileges, for the inhabitants of Glendochirde were found by the verdict of the "Inquest" liable in certain annual payments to its custodian. And, "If it should happen that any goods or chattels should be violently seized or theftuously carried away from any person dwelling in the said parish, and the loser not daring to follow after his goods, then he should send one of his servants or men to the said Doire, or Jore of the Cogeraich, with four pennies, and with provisions for the first night, and then the said Jore henceforward shall follow after

* Dr. Jamieson records a tradition of the country, that under the relic of the "Quigrich," King Robert Bruce and his army received the Sacrament before the battle of Bannockburn.

the said chattels wheresoever he shall be able to discover a sect or clan in the kingdom of Scotland."

It was supposed probably that the relic was possessed of such virtues and qualifications as endowed its bearer with certainty to trace out the thief, as well as to discover the stolen property; for in the letter of James IV, granted in favour of Malice Doire in 1488, the lieges are charged to give no hindrance to its heritable bearer in passing with the said relic "throu the centre as he and his forbears were wont to do."

A charter of Queen Mary's, granted 4th March, 1551, confided to Malice Deuar and his heirs male the forty shilling land of old extent in Eyeich, Cretinden, or in Aucharnie, etc.

A royal investment was granted by James III, in the year 1487, and sets forth that—

"For as muckle as we have understand that oure servitor Malice Doire and his forbears has had ane reliquie of Sainte Filane callit the 'Quigrich' in keeping of us and of oure progenitouris of maist nobile mynde of whom God assolize sen the tyme of King Robert the Bruys, and all before, and made nane obedience nor answer to no personen spirituall nor temporale in ony thing concerning the said holy reliquie either ways than what is contented in the auld infestment thereof made and grantit be oure said progenitours we charge," etc.

The last "Doire of the Quigrich" emigrated to Canada in 1818, carrying the precious relic with him; but in the course of last year the now aged man, who, "faithful to his trust in poverty and exile, had refused pecuniary offers sufficiently large to strongly test his fidelity, then resigned his trust of the crozier in order to secure its restoration to Scotland."

Since the Cogorach came into possession of the Scottish Antiquaries an earlier crozier of bronze has been found enclosed within the other which is of silver gilt, elegantly carved, and with a jewel in front. A further examination showed that the silver plaques which had formed the covering of the earlier relic had been removed from it, and had been used for the covering and enrichment of the second one.

The ancient Crozier and Bell of St. Fillan now stand side by side, together with the photograph of the last "Doire of the Cogorach," underneath a glass case in the Museum of the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, Princes Street, Edinburgh, where lovers of the curious have daily opportunities of inspecting them.

THE DEATH-WATCH AND THE BOOK-WORM.

THE curious little insect called the "death-watch" is a kind of beetle, the scientific name of which, *Andbius*, is derived from a Greek word signifying "resuscitated," because, like many of the beetle family, when caught, it feigns death with extraordinary exactness, so much so, indeed, that a French writer asserts that "one of the species of the genus has been held in the flame of a candle without giving the slightest sign of life, and has yet run away with the greatest rapidity the moment it found itself safely on the ground."

The larvae of these insects are extremely partial to old furniture, in which they perforate numerous round holes. Hence the genus is called *vrillette* by

the French, from *vrille*, a gimlet. In the larva state they resemble small, white, soft worms, with six short, minute feet. The head is scaly, and it is terminated by two strong cutting pincers, with which these little insects scrape the wood into the finest sawdust. Other species of the genus feed on flour, bread, wafers, and other substances, in which they form grooves or galleries, according to the thickness of their working materials. The sound called the death-tick is made by the insect striking its mandibles upon the wood. The number of distinct strokes is generally from seven to eleven, and if the insect be in a situation where it can be watched, it will be observed to nod its head as it makes each stroke, the whole being done with great force and quickness. The sound greatly resembles a moderate tapping on a table with the finger-nail; and, indeed, in old houses, where these insects are numerous, they may be induced to make their noises at any time, by tapping on a table the wood of which contains them.

The little insect called the "bookworm" belongs to the same genus as the "death-watch," and in some cases it will bore through books with as much ease as the "death-watch" bores through furniture; and Kirby and Spence, in their "Introduction to Entomology," mention an instance where, in a public library but little frequented, twenty-seven folio volumes were perforated in a straight line by the same insect, in such a manner that, on passing a cord through the perfectly round hole made by it, these twenty-seven volumes could be raised at once! Other insects occasionally attack books, but this beetle is the most destructive. ▲

Varieties.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which are this year to be held at Sheffield, are fixed to commence on the 20th of August and terminate on the 27th.

THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL.—The Tyndale Memorial Committee, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury is chairman, has intrusted to Mr. J. Edgar Boehm the design and erection on the Thames Embankment of a statue of the martyr William Tyndale, who made and published the first English translation of the Bible from the original.

APPEALS BY LETTER.—A curious instance of the results of written or printed circulars in aid of good work is mentioned by Captain Graves, of the 20th Hussars, now stationed at Birmingham. When the regiment was at Brighton, Captain Frank Graves, and one or two friends interested in the welfare of the soldiers, tried to get up a comfortable club, with reading-room, smoking-room, and various amusements, to check resort to the drinking-saloons and dens of vice by which the barracks are encompassed. Two hundred and ten letters were sent out. The reply was two shillings! The last fifty letters brought twelve stamps. "Much of this disappointment," says Captain Graves, "no doubt may be laid at the door of general depression, but I think we, in such times, are in danger of making that door rather too large." Whatever regiment may be at Brighton this effort for the good of the soldiers should be supported, and contributions sent to Captain Carter, 2, Chesham Place, Brighton, will be well applied. The club is already open, but on too small a scale.

DEATH-RATE.—In the London district, according to the Registrar-General's last report, the average, during the five years ending with 1878, was 22.8. Five-and-thirty years ago, with a much less dense population, it was as high as 24.5. If no special care had been taken for the health of London, if, with its present density of 29,322 persons to the square mile, it had been neither better nor worse looked after than the rest of Eng-

land and Wales, its death-rate would be 35·2. It ought, the Registrar-General declares, to be 20·0, and he thinks that it may even be brought down to 17. The rate of mortality in London must be called high when we remember to what it might be brought down. But it is a good deal lower already than the rate prevalent in any other city which comes near it in size. Dover, and Rochester with Chatham, may boast a death-rate of 16·2 and 18·1. Liverpool and Manchester rise as high as 27·8 and 28·6, and this in spite of very great recent improvements. The Bury rate goes up to 29·0. The rate at Blackburn is 30·4; at Preston 30·8. But it is to foreign cities that we must look if we would see the full results which insanitary conditions can produce. At Turin, Naples, Munich, and Trieste the death-rate ranges between 30 and 40. At Budapest it exceeds 40. At St. Petersburg it reaches 47·1. These are by far the worst figures which Europe has to show.

SWIMMING.—The last Report of the London Schools' Swimming Club, of which Mr. John MacGregor (Rob Roy) is president, states that the ladies' department of the club had greatly improved during the year, and that there had been much enthusiasm thrown into the work by ladies, especially by Miss Chessar, who had been elected as one of the hon. secretaries. During the year the like success had attended the children's department as in previous years, 1,709 having joined, making the total number of children who had been instructed by the club 10,000. The committee also acknowledged the services which the chairman had performed in assisting to raise funds to pay off the expenses, and it had also been supported by the National Health Society and the Ladies' Sanitary Association. Prizes had been given, after competitions, to the boys. The committee added:—"The important object of the club—to promote the knowledge and use of swimming as a means of safety for those who can swim, of saving the lives of others, and of health and cleanliness to all—has been much advanced in efficiency, and at a very small expense for a work so beneficial." The object of the club is to promote the art of swimming among both male and female teachers and pupils of the London public elementary schools.

THE PHYLLOXERA.—M. Mignot, of Paris, is of opinion that the visits of the phylloxera are occasioned by a morbid condition of the vine itself, and that the degrees of its decay alone determine the multiplication of the insects, precisely in the same manner that worms are born from and nourished by the decomposition of dead flesh. To escape phylloxera, therefore, M. Mignot says that the vine must be nourished, not with azoteous food, but with potash and soluble silicates. He therefore proposes that a silico-potassic powder shall be applied to diseased vines. The preparation would cost about 10f. per 100 kilos, and one kilo. would suffice an ordinary grower for several years. —*Wine Trade Review.*

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE III.—Professor Elliott, writing from Hawick, sends the following most interesting note about the good king's generosity to the friendless, and his encouragement of aspiring industry: A young man of the name of Kerr, at the close of his apprenticeship as a gardener in the neighbourhood of Hawick, went to England in search of employment, and succeeded in obtaining it in the royal gardens at Kew at a time when George III was resident there. The king often walked in the gardens, and one day, on passing Kerr, asked him the name of a flower near them. Kerr gave him both the common name and the botanical. This occurred several times, till, at last, the king expressed his surprise at a working gardener knowing the Latin names, and asked him where he obtained his education. Kerr replied, "At a parish school in Scotland." "But they don't teach Latin in the parish schools, do they?" said the king. Kerr explained that he had learned very little of it there, but that he subsequently improved his knowledge of the language by his own reading. The king asked him then if he knew any other language, and on his saying that he knew a little of French, asked him if he had ever read a certain French book which he named. As he had not seen it the king sent it to him to read, and subsequently repeatedly sent him others, till at last he gave him *carte blanche* to get any book from his library that he wanted at any time. His majesty then wrote to Sir Joseph Banks to ask if he could not find some more suitable employment for him, as he was a good botanist, and evidently fit for a better place than he then occupied. The recommendation, we may be sure, was attended to, and Sir Joseph sent him to collect botanical specimens, first in Japan and subsequently in China. In the latter he sank under an attack of fever. At the door of the house in which this is written there is now growing a herbaceous plant with a yellow flower, which from

him is named the *Kerria Japonica*. Our correspondent vouches for the facts, having seen the original letters written at the time. While expressing admiration of the king, and approval of the articles which have appeared in the "Leisure Hour," he thinks that the unfavourable traits in the king's character should not be unnoticed, "such as his attempts to persuade the Duke of Sussex to dismiss his lawful wife, the Duchess of Inverness, and the king's continuing to sanction great severity of punishment for slight offences." This last fault, we fear, was due to the spirit of the age more than to any personal cause.

THE FIRST ENGLISH GOLDSMIDS.—Aaron Goldsmid came from Hamburg, and established himself in London as a merchant in the middle of the last century. The house arrived at its highest prosperity after his death, under his four sons. At the head of the business were then two brothers, Abraham and Benjamin, men of acknowledged integrity, and allied in friendship with Newland, the head cashier of the Bank of England. He also was a self-made man, who had risen from a baker's shop to his enormously influential position. By means of Newland, the brothers Goldsmid were brought into connection with the Government, which, since the year 1793, had been compelled to have recourse to continual loans in consequence of the Continental war. But it was not only through this that they made their money. It was their cleverness and knowledge that saved them from losing money when all over Europe great mercantile houses were breaking. One of the most notable characteristics of Benjamin was, we are told, his astonishing knowledge of firms, which was not confined merely to England, but embraced the whole money market, in or out of England. He valued with a certainty bordering on the marvellous every name on the back of a bill. In the panic year of 1790, the house only lost £50 when ruin swept away many of the chief firms of England and abroad. At the beginning of the present century there was no house greater or more universally esteemed. And yet the end was tragic in the extreme. One morning, in April, 1808, Benjamin Goldsmid hung himself in his bedroom. In 1810 the elder brother, Abraham, in conjunction with the house of Baring, embarked in a Government loan of £14,000,000. The business failed; the house of Baring survived the crash, but Abraham Goldsmid shot himself when he found how true it was that riches take to themselves wings and fly away.—*City Press.*

VICISSITUDES OF RANK.—The Vicar of Leeds lately drew attention to an example of decayed nobility. "The Duc de Columbier and his wife are inmates of our Leeds Workhouse. I have, with my solicitor, Mr. Ford, examined a box of deeds and letters belonging to him: we have no doubt that he is the person he represents himself to be. He bears the family name of Mouchat. His title was in Neufchâtel, since ceded to Prussia. At the age of 86 his memory, happily, is too imperfect to be of much service in tracing the history of the family, but I am inclined to think they emigrated to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father received a pension from the Prussian Government until his death, and the unfortunate man in whose cause I write earned a livelihood as a painter, which succeeded sufficiently till old age had weakened his hand. They bear an excellent character in the workhouse, and the chaplain has the highest opinion of them. Yet it seems a hard reverse of fortune that they should end their lives in a Union, separated from one another, each locked in their respective wards, and only allowed to meet once a week."

SUNDAYS, ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL.—In a leading article on the last debate in the House of Lords on opening museums on Sunday, the "Times" thus contrasted English and Continental Sundays: "We may be called a sour Puritanical nation, because the theatres and *cafés chantants* are not open, trade is not in full swing, and the suburban racecourses are not in all their glory every Sunday. Intelligent foreigners arriving in London on Sunday morning, as all intelligent foreigners who are good enough to publish criticisms of our national habits appear to do, may grumble at the oppressive load of boredom, and may contrast the miserable modicum of pleasure within their reach with the happy lot of an Englishman who arrives by an early train in Paris. These taunts must be endured. Our neighbours must retain their superiority. Our ways are not their ways; and Englishmen must still decline to divest themselves of old habits and strive to attain to a state of society in which one-half of the community shall have undisturbed gaiety and the other half almost uninterrupted work seven days in the week. The Continental Sunday is bound up with habits and thoughts which are totally un-English; and it is useless to try to transplant it and introduce it into alien circumstances."

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